



Campione

I demoni delle calamità e il re dei maghi



Guidebook

Appearance of the Devil King and Knight

On a certain spring morning, the sky was bright and clear without a single cloud for miles.

The refreshingly cool blue sky of May stretched overhead to as far as the eye could see. Nevertheless, thirteen-year-old Elisa's little bosom was brimming with unease. In contrast to the weather, her mood was hardly cheerful.

"...If only things could settle down today."

She murmured to herself softly as she walked along the path through the fields towards the monastery.

Elisa lived in a remote village located within Italy's central region of Tuscany. Here, the inhabitants mostly made their living off agriculture and forestry. This place was simply a small village and not a tourist attraction.

Also, Elisa was just an ordinary middle school student living in this village... Well, not exactly.

She possessed a secret skill. Namely, "magic." This ominous skill was the ability she gradually acquired under the tutelage of an old monk who used to live in the monastery at the village entrance until he passed away a few months ago.

After the old man died, sweeping and cleaning this little ancient monastery became Elisa's daily chore.

She came before this Romanesque stone building, one that could have been built in the eleventh century. As she advanced towards the depths of the chapel, she muttered the reason why she was worried.

"...How is the situation underground? If only it would settle down..."

The mysterious old man who once lived here had secretly told her before. He claimed to be no ordinary monk but belonged to a knightly order that held mastery over rare magic. Furthermore, he even said that Elisa possessed the same talent as himself.

That was what he had said in the past when he taught Elisa basic magic.

"The holy sanctum dedicated to ancient deity's "beast of strange forms" ... This monastery was built to conceal its traces. As for this beast of strange forms, it might be a reference to a certain "Goddess of Beasts" perhaps."

"Goddess of Beasts?"

"Yes. Given some incomprehensible opportunity, these [Heretic Gods] descend on the earth with alarming simplicity. And they bring disaster, causing great hardship to us humans."

These were the faithless words of an old man, one without any relatives to accompany his last and dying days.

Elisa recalled the incident as she ventured forward in trepidation.

Beneath her current location -- was the place underground where terrifying magical power could be sensed starting a week ago.

Hence, she naturally recalled what she heard about "gods." As well as the deceased old man's warning of the door "never to be opened no matter what." That door was concealed behind the statue of the Virgin Mary.

In a corner of the chapel was a statue of Mary which had been painted completely black for some reason.

Apparently, the wall behind the statue could be pushed and spun around to reach the deep space on the other side.

A week earlier, sensing strong magical power, Elisa had tried opening the door with trepidation.

...Behind the door was a flight of stairs that led underground. Reaching the bottom, she discovered a path leading to a natural cave.

She did not have the courage to continue. The endless black space felt terrifying. However, the main reason was because she heard the howls of wild beasts.

It sometimes sounded like the barking of dogs and the neighing of horses on other occasions.

As well as the chirping of birds, and the indiscernible cries of some kind of ferocious beast. However, she never heard the same sound twice...

That time, Elisa frantically ran up the steps and returned to the chapel--

In the past week, as the underground magical power gradually increased each passing day, her uneasiness rose accordingly. Then on this particular morning, Elisa felt extremely uncomfortable the instant she stepped into the chapel.

This was the result of being bathed in magical power more intense than she had ever felt before.

"Has a great god really descended...?"

Just as Elisa's heart was filled with worry and she was about to murmur again.

Clang! Clang! A metallic impact could be heard from above the ceiling. This was the result of [Alarm] magic being triggered.

This took effect whenever a being above a certain threshold of magical power approached the monastery.

This was the first time for Elisa to hear this sound.

It was magic that she had cast as a precaution against outside intruders. Nevertheless, she was delighted instead. Although she did not know why they had come, at least a great and powerful mage must have entered the area. This could very well be her chance to seek counsel regarding the deity who was about to awaken underground!

Elisa focused her magical sensing to read the danger report provided by the [Alarm] spell.

Extraordinarily powerful -- No good, that "excessively powerful" being seemed to be moving along the river behind the mountain. Elisa immediately rushed outside, hoping to catch the presence before it left.

On this cool and refreshing spring morning, the rosy clouds of May could be seen floating slowly up in the sky above.

However, Kusanagi Godou's current mood had nothing to do with cool and refreshing.

This was only natural. Just earlier, he had spent the entire night fighting some monster whose appearance he could not see. In the end, he was swept into the river and had been clinging onto driftwood while he floated for the past dozens of minutes.

Only now did he manage to get ashore with great difficulty.

However, Godou was hurt. His body was covered with burns and his back had suffered a deep slashing wound. He was covered with bruises all over. Nevertheless, these painful sensations gave him a sort of pleasure of being alive.

"It feels... Feels like I seem to be gradually getting used to this kind of stuff..."

" 'Seem to be' is completely redundant, Godou. You are fully accustomed to this sort of adventure already."

This "partner" declared with effortless certainty towards Godou as he endured his pain.

Erica Blandelli. The beautiful girl who possessed a head of reddish lustrous blonde hair.

However, her beauty was not only based on her physical appearance, for Erica's aura of ambition and intellect that exuded from her entire being was the major contributor to the deep impression of glamor she left on others.

"Clearly so little time has passed since you defeated Verethragna on the island of Sardinia... Yet in all aspects you are already a Devil King who can stand in his own right. This I can guarantee completely."

"That kind of guarantee is completely unnecessary... Well, anyway."

Sitting quietly on the riverbank from exhaustion, Godou spoke up.

"Thank you for your help this time as well. Thanks."

After the battle against the Persian Warlord Verethragna and becoming a "Campione," all sorts of pandemonium broke loose one after another.

After that, he had fought the ancient Mediterranean sky god Melqart at the island of Sicily, and also arrived at Milan to battle his fellow Campione, Salvatore Doni, the sword genius...

The only reason Godou was able to overcome all of these deadly challenges, was due to Erica's aid and support.

...Well, this time, it all started from her "let's go check out this giant eel monster that has been sighted in Tuscany" suggestion. She was the true culprit who proposed and forced him to take on this venture.

But in spite of everything, her being his savior remained as unchangeable fact.

Not only was Godou completely wet from being carried by the river current, Erica was also fully drenched. This was because his "partner" had jumped into the river in order to pull Godou back ashore. For the sake of saving Godou, she had done so without any hesitation.

The river flowing before them was the Arno.

It was said to be a great river traversing the region of Tuscany from east to west. However, due to the current mountainous location, the river was not particularly wide. Such was the scenery belonging to this slightly bigger than average river.

"This river apparently passes through Florence, right?"

"Yes. Continuing along downstream should reach the city of lilies, Florence. If you go further along the river, you will reach Pisa, famous for its leaning tower. Beyond that, the river flows into the Tyrrhenian Sea."

The ones Erica listed out were the most famous cities located in the region of Tuscany.

Hearing these familiar geographical names, Godou muttered with heartfelt feeling.

"How fortunate that I didn't have to take a river tour through all those places..."

"But precisely because you are Godou, wouldn't it be most unbecoming to die a death of drowning?"

Completely drenched, Erica bore a serious expression. She did not seem like she was joking.

Godou felt slightly displeased. Even though he believed that his body was "perhaps" rather excessive in survival ability, at least that kind of unreasonable result should not happen. Probably...

Feeling the chilly air against his completely drenched body, Godou shuddered.

His strength was being drained. He seemed to have lost too much blood and energy from drifting in the river with all his injuries. Seeing his

condition, Erica smiled with a chuckle. Rather than taking sadistic pleasure in Godou's misfortune, it was probably the opposite.

Though Godou figured out what she was thinking, it was already too late.

In the next instant, Erica had already swiftly approached and embraced Godou in her arms.

"Hoho. Now first we must heal your wounds. Accept this obediently."

Erica displayed a mesmerizing smile towards Godou as she whispered softly. She drew her face extremely near.

Had she gone another 10cm or so, their faces would probably have stuck tightly together.

"No, don't. After all, my body should heal on its own!"

Kusanagi Godou's body had already become one that "could not die easily."

Although this was completely beyond common logic, even if he suffered a sufficiently severe injury, a nap was probably not enough to heal things completely.

"So anyway, healing isn't completely pointless, you know?"

Erica smiled innocently and adorably as she pressed her lips close to Godou's face.

"Currently, you should recover your wounds as quickly as possible and dry your clothes. For this purpose, all effort must be spent. Because I am your lover who stands as Kusanagi Godou's knight... Even offering you my lips is nothing particularly out of the ordinary."

"T-That is exactly the problem!"

Like that supernatural ability to survive, this was also part of the new constitution Godou had obtained.

Namely, "absolute resistance to magic." Once reborn as a Campione, a person became immune to all magic, rendering it ineffective.

This applied indiscriminately towards all magic, whether friendly or hostile.

"However, as long as it is through oral intake, magic can still be applied to you. Hoho, I really must express my gratitude towards the existence of such a loophole. Thanks to that, not only can I help Godou but I can also enjoy the pleasure of kissing you."

With such a seductive tone of voice, Erica took Godou's lips.

Her sweet kiss sealing his mouth, Godou began to feel dizzy. Those soft lips of hers felt pleasurable beyond belief, plunging one into ecstasy. Erica began with light pecks on Godou's lips then proceeded to kiss him as if trying to envelope his entire mouth.

Then using her moist lips to caress Godou's lips, she slipped her tongue inside.

Using her tongue to tie down Godou's, the two tongues entangled with each other. Tongue and tongue were wrapped around each other in separable intimate contact.

With great intensity of emotion, Erica opened her lips and carefully savored the taste of Godou's mouth. With passionate Latin style, she sought Godou's tongue, boldly licking with her own.

Then Godou felt [Recovery] magic being poured forth from her mouth, easing away his pain.

"Hey Erica. My wounds are already healed, isn't it time to stop..."

However, the blonde beauty continued to lick his lips, completely unconcerned.

"Very well. The kiss just now was to heal your wounds. From this point onwards, the kissing is purely to enjoy the pleasure of making out with you, the task of affirming our love."

Erica declared thus.

Obviously, she did not move her lips away. She was conversing with Godou in whispers as she kissed him.

...In the end, this kiss persisted for another five minutes until Erica finally released her lips. However, the reason was not because she was tired of kissing.

"Time to warm our bodies. I will start a fire now."

Standing on the riverside in drenched clothes, both of them were feeling quite a chill.

Feeling embarrassed, Godou silently nodded once emphatically as if he was unable to stare Erica in the face.

The two of them had met for the first time towards the south of the Italian peninsula, on the Mediterranean island of Sardinia.

While they were running around all over that island, Erica's attitude towards Godou had been rather unfriendly.

However, after enduring many desperate trials together, before they knew it, Erica had changed to the point that she could openly declare her "love" to Godou.

Not only verbally, but also in attitude and behavior. Even to the point of engaging in this sort of passionate kissing...

"Hey Godou, now that the issues after the battle have all been handled, why don't we spend some private time together to make some sweet and loving memories?"

Beyond that, she even made this request. Godou frantically asked:

"Uh, well, what?"

"Sweet and loving memories. I've already spoken to Uncle. Who knows if it would be a few months or years down the road, but I do intend to have children with you for sure, Godou, so we have to coordinate."

"Children--!"

"I have no intention to rush, but this is inevitable. You should prepare yourself beforehand accordingly."

Ignoring Godou's dumbfounded surprise, Erica snapped her fingers loudly.

A mass of flames suddenly ignited before their eyes. This was apparently magic for starting a fire instantly.

"How convenient..."

Godou calmed his emotions and walked near the fire. Erica did the same.

The two gathered around the bonfire, warming their cold bodies. But two minutes later, Godou began to scream.

"Hey, what the heck! What on earth are you doing!?"

Erica was slowly removing her wet clothing before the fire.



"What are you talking about, Godou? It's not like I can continue wearing these clothes like this, right?"

"True, you have a point! But I'm right here -- a man is present!?"

"Back on the island of Sicily, haven't you seen the naked body of Erica Blandelli, mine, completely already? By this point, what do you have to be concerned about?"

With a seductive smile, Erica boldly displayed her figure before Godou.

The only articles of clothing on her body were her red bra and underwear.

Her pale and pristine complexion was a dizzying sight. Furthermore, more than anything else, the perfect proportions of her figure were greatly troubling to Godou. Despite Erica's slender build, her body was voluptuous and full in all the right places yet slender and taut where appropriate.

The sight of this perfect body that would put a magazine model to shame sent Godou into a state of panic.

Seeing Godou in such a state, Erica displayed a ladylike smile, full of open-minded acceptance. Nevertheless, this sort of mischievousness and broadminded personality were indeed quite attractive--

"Godou, shouldn't you take that off as well? Aren't you cold wearing it?"

"Feeling cold is fine!"

Even though Godou's upper torso was bare, he kept his jeans on.

This was because he was mindful of the presence of the woman before him. But to his surprise, she acted in such a manner. Godou's inner world was turned upside down in complete turmoil, his heart beating rapidly out of control.

But immediately...

Erica suddenly tensed her facial expression and performed [Summoning] magic.

This was a spell for summoning a personal object from a certain location. What she summoned was a garment that resembled a short cape. This cape was striped with the red and black colors of rossonero. Wrapping it around her shoulders, Erica covered her upper torso.

Godou also prepared his stance.

Probably, Erica was trying to prevent her bare body from being seen by someone apart from Godou. That was why she covered up? In other words, someone was probably approaching right now.

As a master swordsman in addition to being a mage, did she hear the sound of footsteps or sense someone's presence?

After a while, a girl came running. She appeared to be twelve or thirteen years old or so, and gave off quite a cute impression. As soon as she saw the fire Erica had lit, she jumped in surprise.

"Magical flames? Are you two users of magic!?"

This was the beginning of a "little commotion" in which Kusanagi Godou was caught up in.

"In other words, Elisa, you were taught by a mage descended from the lineages of the Templar Knights and he lived in this monastery."

The stone-built ancient monastery. Thus spoke Erica in the front yard.

Godou and Erica were already dressed in clothes that Elisa had taken from her own home for them. After that, they had traveled from the river Arno over to this monastery.

"Templar Knights...?"

"It refers to medieval European knights and monks who mastered swordsmanship and magic. Both your master and I are their descendants. Hoho, it's fine if you don't understand yet."

Erica smiled as Elisa displayed complete surprise.

Along the way here, the blonde beauty had conversed with the young girl in a gentle manner, successfully finding out from the girl "how she learned magic."

There was also a reason why they had come here with Elisa. At the riverside just now, she had made a request.

'Please! If it is not too much trouble, could you come over and let me discuss something with you!? It is very important!'

It seemed to be a case involving magic. In order to thank her for the favor of lending the clothes, Godou and Erica had come to this place.

"Then what did you want to discuss? But let me first say I have no idea about stuff like incantations and magic. On the other hand, this Erica here is an expert so I'm sure she can help you."

Erica nodded as if saying "Well, no problem" in response to Godou.

Then Elisa spoke with an awkward expression--

"Yeah. In actual fact, there is a possibility that a deity is about to wake up underground below this monastery..."

A shocking report. Erica went "well" and stared with widened eyes as she smiled slightly wryly.

On the other hand, Godou simply emotionlessly went "Eh" in a mutter.

Just a few hours earlier, he had been fighting against what was known as a deity's servant...

Seeing him like this, Erica burst out into laughter beside him. Godou was slightly miffed by her frivolous attitude. In stark contrast to the reactions of her elders, Elisa remained clueless.

Erica began an investigation that concluded roughly two hours later.

First, she browsed through the documents and resources left behind by the deceased monk. Then she went to the chapel and gazed at the statue of the Virgin Mary that was painted black.

Finally, she opened the door hidden behind the statue of Mary and went underground. Then ten minutes went by.

Seeing Erica return, Godou asked her casually:

"Then how is it? Is there really a god down below?"

"In terms of the verdict, there is none."

Hearing her say so, Elisa's eyes lit up with hope, but Godou knew it was not so simple.

He noticed that Erica still had more to say.

"Even though there is no deity here, there is a servant -- a divine beast in the process of awakening. In three or four days roughly, it will wake up completely and start being active."

"Another one!"

The monsters known as "divine beasts" were sacred creatures that served gods. Just a few hours earlier, Godou was fighting one of them. Hearing this explanation, Elisa leaned towards Erica.

"Are the servants of the great gods really dangerous!?"

"Yes. A divine beast sleeping underground is more than likely the underling of Artemis, the goddess of the moon and the land, the queen of the beasts. If it awakens, let alone this village, it would not be ridiculous for the entire region of Tuscany to be destroyed."

Erica glanced at Godou's side profile as she spoke.

Rather than informing the girl, she was trying to make Godou understand.

"Destroy--!?"

Elisa swallowed a gulp of air. Meanwhile, Godou was gnashing his teeth.

If that was the case, a fight was unavoidable after all... With such despair, he spoke to Elisa.

"C-Could you go out and leave us for a bit? I have to hold a strategy conference with Erica."

"This is what's known as an adult conversation."

Erica added. To think she would use such a suggestive description.

Godou glared at her but Erica smiled in feigned ignorance.

Once the two of them were the only ones remaining in the ancient chapel, Erica spoke with great delight:

"Hoho. Fate is surely working hard to solidify the love between Godou and me. Well then, let's enjoy another passionate kiss?"

"T-That kind of fate, who could endure such a thing!"

"Well, you can also call it simple luck. Doesn't change the fact that we have to kiss."

Erica smiled with a chuckle as Godou hung his head.

"The god you defeated on the island of Sardinia was the ancient Persian Warlord Verethragna."

Ignoring Godou in his dejection, the blonde beauty spoke melodiously as if singing a song.

"As the strongest of the strong, he is the god of victory who defeats all enemies. His trump card is the 'brilliant golden sword.' Kusanagi Godou has already usurped that sword..."

The term Campione referred to Devil Kings, warriors who had usurped the authorities of the gods they had slain. Namely, monsters who transcended mankind's limits as humans who fought gods.

"For beings on the level of underlings that serve gods, a single strike of the golden sword would be enough to vanquish them. However, you are unable to use that sword so easily."

Erica murmured as she dragged her knees while she leaned close.

Godou's sense of morality was pleading with him to move away. But it was futile.

At this moment, Godou was sitting on a bench in the chapel. Erica was sitting on his knees and leaning tightly against him.

Her skin felt so warm and tender, with an amazing sense of substance and elasticity. These two sensations were rapidly increasing.

Stimulated by such tactile sensations and an appropriate sense of weight, Godou could feel a sense of pleasure and rising climax rushing through his entire body.

Then Erica smiled joyfully and lightly kissed Godou on the cheek, bringing her lips near his ear.

"In order to forge the sword's blade, you require detailed knowledge about the enemy deity. Knowledge and wisdom the normal Japanese student, Kusanagi Godou, is not equipped with. Knowledge that you may not master even with years of study..."

Erica spoke softly. Her voice was so tempting and seductive.

While treating his wounds just now, she had forcefully taken Godou's lips. But this time was different. She had no intention of doing the same.

She was waiting. This time, she was enticing Godou to issue a request to her on his own.

"However, if a mage such as I were to use the spell of [Instruction], the required knowledge can be transmitted to you instantly. Although it is temporary knowledge that only lasts for a day or so, for the purposes of ending a battle it is quite enough, right?"

Kiss. Erica lightly made contact with Godou's earlobe using her lips.

"Hey Godou, as one of the Campiones, you are a Devil King who fights gods on behalf of humanity. I will not make irresponsible remarks regarding your fights, so please issue your orders. Say it, 'Transmit knowledge to me, and offer your lips to me, Kusanagi Godou.' "

Based on this line of thinking, there was more or less a sense of tyrannical behavior, and yet she voiced it with such a straight face.

But these tiny whispers lit up a roaring flame in Godou's heart.

Currently there was a divine servant that was about to rampage. And the only one who could oppose it at this moment was himself alone. Erica had spelled things out to this point. As if reluctant to fall to her charms, Godou was now in a struggling state on the verge of being conquered.

Given such sufficient conditions, there was no other recourse but to give in to his fate--

"...P-Please. Teach me everything I need to know."

Hearing this, a flourishing smile appeared on Erica's face like a blooming flower.

Without saying a word, she kissed Godou's lips. She held still, their lips pressed together for ten-odd seconds. Then Erica slowly opened her lips and spoke softly:

"Of course. Since it is for your victory, I will offer everything of mine no matter how much it would take. No matter how many times, I will forge the sword for you, Godou!"

Erica was smiling with a rapturous gaze.

It was a smiling face of happiness that was completely devoid of her usual glamor and devilish mischief.

"Hoho. I knew it, compared to kissing you on my own accord, kissing you by your request feels very different. I enjoy both regardless, but being able to indulge in both kinds today is truly wonderful."

Erica embraced Godou tightly as she spoke.

Then the two of them gazed silently into each other's eyes. Once again their lips pressed together and they kissed each other repeatedly in turn.

"Artemis is the great mother earth goddess who rules over life and death. The goddess of the hunt. Not only does she hunt prey, but she is also the mistress worshiped by the myriad beasts and birds of the forest, with the bear as the foremost..."

As she kissed, Erica softly recounted knowledge about the goddess.

"As a master of transformation, she has the ability to take on the forms of all sorts of beasts. Furthermore, her body possesses hundreds of breasts. This stands as a symbol of Artemis as the mother of life. Understand? This goddess is the mother of all creatures, yet at the same time, she is also the slaughterer who hunts down the life she nurtured..."

As Godou heard these words through his ears, images of the earth mother goddess Artemis were also transmitted to his mind.

Such were the effects of the [Instruction] magic used by Erica.

What occurred after that could hardly be called a battle.

Because Godou simply went underground, advancing to the depths of the cave and destroyed the divine beast of indeterminate form with a mere "light stab with the sword."

The divine beast sleeping underground was rather terrifying.

Most of its body consisted of a gray slime. An amorphous and viscous fluid. This slime was continuously rising from all over the ground. The liquid appeared to be boiling with what resembled bubbles popping all over its uneven surface.

Furthermore, those bulging body parts transformed themselves into the forms of all sorts of beasts and birds.

Bears, dogs, cows, deer, horses, pigs, boars, sheep, goats, owls, bees... etc. These transformations occurred at the same time at various places on the body. Simply watching the sight was disgusting enough to lose one's appetite.

After destroying this thing, Godou returned to the surface with Erica.

"I-I never knew even those kinds of things can be a divine servant..."

"Compared to ones holding exceptionally beautiful forms, the servants of the gods are more commonly ugly to a sublime level. This happens to be a case of the latter."

Even when giving such a description, Erica showed an uncharacteristically disgusted expression.

In any case, the job was done and the pair returned to the outside of the monastery to meet up with Elisa.

"Thank you for your patience. The underground divine beast has been destroyed by Kusanagi Godou here."

"Destroyed!?"

Elisa's expression seemed to be saying "Unbelievable!" as she looked at Godou.

She was trying to articulate such feelings into words. Just as Elisa was about to speak, Erica smiled mischievously and placed her index finger on her lips.

"Just a friendly warning, suspicions regarding a Campione -- the power to slay a god cannot be uttered in any situation. That is, if you wish to continue surviving in the world of magic."

Taking Godou's arm, the blonde beauty declared as if she was taking pride in her lover's power.

"They are conquerors, Devil Kings, royalty as well as warriors. Bearers of absolute strength who fight on humanity's behalf when [Heretic Gods] bring disaster to the earth. Though they look no different from us humans in appearance, their bodies are actually monsters completely removed from humans!"

"W-Who the heck are you calling a monster!"

"Of course it's you, Kusanagi Godou. Even for an incident like this, it would take dozens of magi, risking their lives in a desperate struggle to seal away the divine beast in a massive severe crisis, you know?"

Casually ignoring Godou's protest, Erica winked at the young girl.

"In the near future, you will take pride in the fact that you have encountered us. One day, the world of magic will tremble before the great name of the seventh Campione, Kusanagi Godou. As well as his premier knight, Erica Blandelli. Because you have met these two!"

Just as Erica predicted at the time, the pair continued to take part in numerous victories henceforth.

Rather than a heroic legend, this particular little interlude could be considered as more of an insignificant and easy favor.

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